

Alter Ego

People are complex beings — thinking ideas that they often aren't even aware of — so many times forgetting to tap the imagination and, through the powers of creativity, to develop their complexities into a tangible identity — something to be remembered by, long after faces are forgotten.

Alter Ego is a reflection of these indentities — an attempt to be unique — to offer a part of the imagination which would otherwise be suppressed, unknown — to reveal 'another self' contained in a complex personality — to hold a speck of today, in a hand conditioned to reach for tomorrow.

Class of 1971

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Table of Contents

Poem	Author	Page
Reflections	Joanne Klepadlo	1
One Sunny Day	Sharon Felton	1
Children	lucie	1
"AIMLESSLY"	Lynn Perry	2
REALIZATION	Peter Jefferson	2
Winter's Eve Walk	Michele Sandlin	3
Clown	Chris Beaubien	3
Good-by	Barb Napikoski	3
Thoughts	Leigh Maddern	4
Pieces	Barb Wiacek	4
"On Getting Expatriated"	neil dargis	5
Africanienne	Betsy Aubry	5
I am No Spinner of Dreams	Laurie Devino	6
REMEMBERING	Terry Welsh	6
High and Low	Norma Gould	7
<u>things</u>	Bebbie Bellemere	7
Grampa	lucie	8
<u>Decision</u>	Dave Timberlake	8
<u>Going</u>	Sue Lemaire	8
Prison of Myself	Barb Napikoski	11
They Asked Me Who You Were	Laurie Devino	12
1.	Katie Sweeney	13
Wind	Terri Aitken	13
2.	Katie Sweeney	14
Hot Calm	Betsy Aubry	14
Poor Carl	Sharleen Boulanger	14
A GIRL	Li'l Rubashkin	15
THE BEE	Mary Valley	15
Time	noreen parent	16
Thoughts	Debbie Gilmore	16
Snowflake	Barb Wiacek	17
Snow	Leigh Maddern	17
Today is monday	neil dargis	17
Spirit of Your Quest	Barb Napikoski	18
You and My World	Nancy Campbell	18

Poem	Author	Page
<u>LABYRINTH</u>	Pinnie Sears	19
Reflections	Ron Brunelle	19
Home	Mike Nagle	19
We're Different	Debra Golembeski	23
You came like a storm	Lynn Perry	23
Truth	Linda Haigis	23
Sapphire Waves	Claudette Demo	24
I Am Not Sure	Dale Mathey	24
MY THOUGHTS TURN OFTEN...	Laurie Devino	24
April in May	Li'l Rubashkin	25
POME	neil dargis	25
Rainbows and sunlight...	Alice Billings	25
Saying Yes	Barb Napikoski	26
Saying Yes (cont.)	Barb Napikoski	27
The Keeper	Betsy Aubry	27
The World Around Me	Michelle Couture	27
I Miss You	Tom LaPointe	28
Remember We Lived	Doug Brown	28
The Ocean	Lynn Perry	28
Alone	Bucky Borbo	29
Alone With My Beer	Sharleen Boulanger	29
I always thought love	Denise Fugere	29
B.A.F. OF '67	Norma Gould	30
?	neil dargis	30
satisfaction	bill rogers	31
The Cold Gray Light of Day	Terri Aitken	31
<u>Security</u>	Janet Letourneau	36
The Stranger	Ann Chyz	36
Lonely Sadness	Michele Bonnette	36
Observations	Laurie Devino	37
One Letter Away	Barb Napikoski	37
Blank Walls	Dale Mathey	37
Boat	Debra Golembeski	38
HAPPINESS?	Bill Rogers	38
Winter	Barb Wiacek	38
Two Poems on <u>You</u>	Leigh Maddern	39
Sunshine Tower	Doug Brown	39
She	Terri Aitken	39

Poem	Author	Page
Grey Day Beauty	pete mosseau	40
Time	Debbie Little	40
My Brother	Denise Fugere	41
This Poem Doesn't Have To Be Sad	Barb Napikoski	41
no rume	neil dargis	41
The Graveyard	Ann Chyz	42
The Letter	Sharon Felton	42
People wear love beads	lucie	42
He once was there always	Katie Sweeney	42
Alone I Stand	craig roberts	43
Ocean	Lu Ann Kuzmeskus	43
The Merry-Go-Round	Alice Billings	44
Faces	Leigh Maddern	44
Yesterday	Terri Aitken	45
Erase those barriers	lucie	45
Why Not Us?	Dale Mathey	46
The Circle	Chuck Tatakis	46
You walked barefoot	Nancy Campbell	46
Freefall	Laurie Devino	48
Don't Be Wise	lucie	50
Worn desks, splintered chairs	Dave Timberlake	50
red as it was	Katie Sweeney	50
Toy Boat	Debbie Little	50
On the Night	Gary Aleksiewicz	49
Short Stories		
Probelms	Judy Cade	9
		10
		11
The View From Above	Bob Kells	20
		21
		22
The New Look	Ron Brunelle	32
		33
		34
		35
short story	pete mosseau	47
		48

Artwork - Terri Aitken, Peter Clark, neil dargis, Mary Valley
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Reflections

Gazing in the mirror
What do you see...
The image is you.
But a few minutes ago
You could not see
You were blind to happenings
Around you.
Was it pleasant
Not being able to see?
Just to block everything
Out for a moment
To escape into your own world
Where dreams are realities?
But suddenly it ends
And there you are again
facing reality.

Joanne Klepadlo -71-

One Sunny Day

The sun gleaming
On the pure white snow
Was as bright as
All the stars of the night
Seated together in the valley
Reflecting off the hill. Sharon Felton
-71-

CHILDREN

sseleraCarefree
ylemoHellians
tnarongInnocent
duoLaughter
barDreaming
nettoRunning
livEnthusiastic
ythguaNoticing...everything

Lucie -71-

"AIMLESSLY"

Drifting peacefully through the caravans of my mind.
I discover memories, lost and dull
Covered with dust and cobwebs
Blown around them by time.
By some I ponder, question and brush away the mold,
While others I quickly hurry past
Fearing what lies beneath the dust.
As I crawl through the unlightened passages
A soft breeze turns my body cold.
Gently, I take the books off the shelf
And scanning through the pages
My life quickly unfolds, of a
Tear shed here, and a smile there.....
Reluctantly, I realize I must leave
And while creeping back to reality
I whisper a promises of return.

Lynn Perry-71-

REALIZATION

The time has come
A crackling sound is heard
And a little head emerges
From the protection of his cocoon
A butterfly squeezes out and flutters
His still moist wings
And gazes about him
Thinking only to himself
That nothing has changed, only his appearance
It's Monday morning, the day of reckoning.
But it wasn't all he hoped it would be.

Peter Jefferson-71-

Winter's Eve Walk

It was a dark, gray, snowy night
As I walked down the road, the air was damp and raw.
During my walk I came upon an old broken down wall
There was ivy covered with snow growing up the sides.
Making a lace silhouette figure appear
I kept walking watching snowflakes fall on the leafless
trees that surrounded me.

Michele Sandlin -71-

Clown

I think I'd like to be a
clown. To be able to laugh
as loud and as often as I like.
To dress funny and wear funny
clothes and make believe
noses. But I think I'd
most of all would like
to make people laugh.
I'd like to tell jokes and
not feel stupid when
I end up the only one
laughing. Funny faces
always make you laugh.
To be able to see kids
yelling and screaming
when I come out to the
ring. To get the old folks
to crack the frowns off
their faces and smile.
If I make a funny face--
will you laugh?

Chris Beaubien -71-

Good-by

If it's so easy to say good-by
Then try it, every word,
Every emotion planned precisely
Inside your mind
While the eons click into oblivion
Until the last second flaunts itself.
The rehearsal is forgotten
When the unwanted tears
Crowd your sight
And dryness seeps into your throat.
The time for feelings arrives--
The loneliness surges;
The inevitable return of being
Alone and losing part of
Yourself is overwhelming
As his back recedes and the
Proud head looks back, not once.

Barb
Napikoski
-71-

Thoughts

Walking down the dampened beach
with the surf breaking at my feet,
The waking sun is to my left
and the cool morning air chills my thoughts
 of where I am going
 and from hence I came.

They say that no man is an island.
He is but the sea.
It is there that the island rests
and the vessels sail.
Its nature is the path of tranquility
 which the great gulls fly.
Its nature is the fury in the storm
 which sends the boats,
 only to be battered upon the lonely shore.

They say that no man is an island.
He is
 but the sea. Leigh Maddern -71-

Pieces

Across town,
Away from it all,
Minding our business,
We found an object.
It was round and small
So we thought we'd play.
Someone dropped it
And it smashed to pieces.
We ran and ran and finally,
The next day
We saw an article-
"Lost: Round ball,
Very small. If broken
Our country will be destructed.
Peace will reign."

Barb Wiacek -71-

"ON GETTING EXPATRIATED"

"One fine Sonnies day,
one not so smart person, of sort,
Did tell me, on coming in late,
that I needed sometime--of course
And it would be handed out
on a preplanned basis.

So's I, outwardly expressing my inner,
sought to seek and destroy this
dreaded disease, of only persons
who don't abstain whereas rules
are in considering, and proceeded
towards getting my so-called freedom.

It had so happened, that on
the day fate had so discerningly
given some toil to my not
too cluttered reputation, every people
I did converse with, went against
my feeble soul and did so
by pronouncing a sentence upon me

And so I sit in thus
such a lonely place as this,
feeling that crime does not pay
and myself stifled at the
thought of being bannished to
this room, without any of my fault.

Neil Dargis
-71-

Africanienne

The blackness throbbed around us
And within, at the core of the thick
Droning black, she believed.
She believed in the jungle
In softly slapping jacks and spades
In the night and the horror
Of the smallness of a fire.
We watched, huddled together
Away from what we couldn't see.
We watched as the haunting light
Cast tones on her face
And the shadow of the cards
Swept by her countenance
Like the flight of evil birds.

Betsy Aubry

-71-

I am NO Spinner of Dreans
I am no spinner of dreams
of the moon
nor do I take pleasure in
aimless wanderings

I am no beacon in a fog-lost
night
you are no lender of spent
words
Together we stand, the two
who need no one but each
other

If you take my hand and
we walk along the winding
path of tomorrow
perhaps we shall find our
lives

somewhere along the way Laurie Devino-7I-

REMEMBERING

Remembering back several years
Was it really that long ago
Seeing friends as they were
Recapturing those moments of gold
Reliving them once again
Wondering how long it's been
Well I guess it's over now
And time to look ahead..

Terry Welsh-7I-

High and Low

And again it's the familiar place
Where I was once before;
With the same force of laughter.
All laughing at me.
They were in a circle
Surrounding me and
Moving closer and closer
To engulf me in their laughter.
Some of my friends were there,
And my relatives also,
Even the person I once loved.
They laughed bitingly, but seemed to
Be trying to tell me something.
In terror, I tried to escape,
But it was in vain and all at once...
They went away.

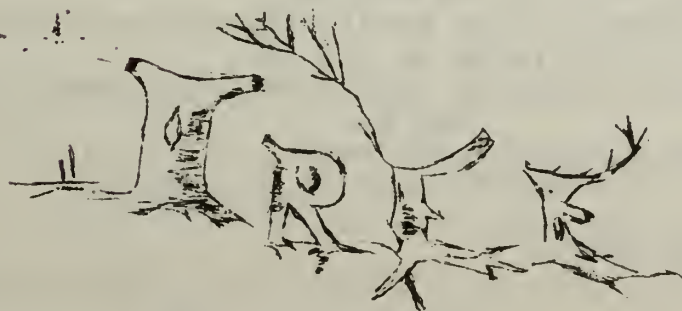
Norma Gould

-71-

things
Same things over and over again
I wish there were new things
I'm getting sick
I want something new
I'll have to fix it myself
It seems I'm alone
No one's listening

Debbie Bellemare

-71-



Norman
Blair

-74-

Grampa

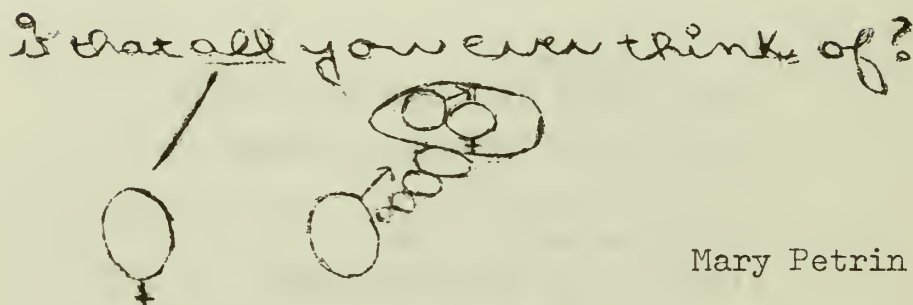
Is there any way I can say I love you,
so that you can hear me?
Please don't turn your head away
when I tell you. Just smile like you used to
I love to see the sun rise upon your face.

Lucie -71-

Decision

Leaning on others for help
Security and reassurance
Are what friends are for.
But you may find it
Necessary to walk away from them
And try to exist by yourself.
They should understand.

Dave Timberlake -71-



Mary Petrin -74-

Going

Look down the cliff to the sea below,
Of the grassy green with white slopping caps;
A jagged cliff that the sea made so.
Stand by the sea and look off to the sun,
Smell the salt and the misty air.
Sit in the sand and look to the sky,
Let the ocean breezes blow gently through your hair.
Close your eyes and listen to the sea.
Think of all the things on this earth that should and should
not be
Time stops when you're by the sea;
But the rest of the world is still in a rush.
Going.
But not knowing where.

Sue LeMaire -71-

PROBLEMS

by Judy Cadé -71-

The brisk breeze forced me to pull my collar closer to my already destroyed hairdo. Although windy, the fifty-three degree weather attracted numerous people to Williams Park after a long winter of being stifled and cooped up.

Vainly I searched for an empty bench. The best I could find, however, was a secluded seat with one occupant. "Mind if I sit here?"

"No, no. Plenty of room." Slowly the brown eyes watched as I plunked myself down. "M-my name's Jessica," she ventured forward.

"That's nice," I responded sarcastically. The brown eyes turned back to the crumpled Want Ads. I knew that was rude of me, but I just wanted a seat, not a major friendship conference. Besides, I had some heavy thinking to do. You see, two weeks ago, I was invited to the Senior Farewell by Ray. In desperation I accepted; but wouldn't you know it, the dream of four years of high school came true. Pete, the class president and football captain, asked me a couple of days later. Now Ray's alright, I mean he's kind, sweet, and dependable; but Pete's - well he's PETE! I had stalled Pete to now, but I had to make my mind up. I didn't want to hurt Ray, but - well, I just didn't know.

As time passed, my rudeness to the other girl

bothered me. "Hey, I'm sorry I sounded so horrible before."

"That's alright."

"My name's Cheryl."

"Oh."

"Do you go to school around here?"

"No."

"Work?" (I was trying to make friends.)

"No. I haven't found anything yet."

"I live on Monclair Street. I don't remember seeing you here before, and I know most everyone who comes to the park. Where do you live?"

"In a house." Let it not be said that I discourage easy after setting my mind on friendship. Afterall, I hadn't been voted "Most Agressive" in the yearbook for nothing. "Does anyone else live in the house?"

"Yea, three other people."

I suppose I was being nosey, but she wasn't refusing to answer the questions, so..... "Well, do you know their names?"

"Uh - one's called mother; one's called father; and - uh - the third is called sister, - I think."

"Your family?"

"Family? Huh - who knows? Well, excuse me. I've got an appointment."

"For a job?"

"No, with no one. I just thought if I walked around I might find one." Slowly the slender body pulled a tattered knapsack from under the bench and moved out of

the park; hands thrust deep in the jeans pockets, and head down.

As I watched her leave, I then realized that she must have been only about sixteen years old; it was just the tired, hopeless lines that made her look older. I glanced down at the sheet music in the trash barrel. I guess it was the title that made me pick it up, "You Got Your Troubles, I've Got Mine".

Oh, by the way. Just thought you'd like to know how I spent the night of the Senior Farewell. My popcorn popper and I doubled with Frankenstein and Wolfman.

Prison of Myself

I am not living in a world,
But am only held within a prison;
With velvet and satin walls
Confining my imagination to dreams
Woven daily from the invisible threads
Into a pattern, a style, a oneness, that is me.
Once I thought I could compromise
By selling the uniqueness of my singularity.
I rose upon psuedo-hopes and fables.
I dashed among the babbling snowflakes
And was stunned by the incessant noise,
Blinded by the dizzy spurting brilliance.

I cried out your name.

My voice echoed thru the swirling images
As I groped frantically for you-
To feel your shoulder beneath my shaking hand;
Your warm body supporting mine thru the crisis.
But you turned and dashed away.
I never felt the comfort of your soul
Only the haunting throb of your presence.
Return again to strip away the sanctuary
That shelters me from ecstasy
Hold me with your temperate eyes once more
Then let me seek immunity from trusting you.

Barb Napikoski -71-

They Asked Me Who You Were...

if stubbornness be a virtue
then certainly you are an
upright and virtuous woman
like the Taurus bull you
are /

you challenge you seek rainbows and reality
at one time; silent churches make you eloquent /
they make the words come pouring out they make you a
questioning person a person not at
peace

emotions keep pace with your life, but you
cannot exorcise them like unwelcome spirits / they
are too deeply imbedded in the nature of
yourself

and the years are a wide gap between love and
you; the fact of affection the hope for commitment

but afraid to look to the future and tears
and a brightness in the eyes under the spell of the
truth serum /

and the system takes what you offer with
indifference that does not quite match yours

impossible to measure the depth of your ambition or if
it even exists....but it does
and increasing thirst for meaning marks your mind
and do you really love life or is it because
there is just no substitute /

and i'll dance on your grave.

Laurie
Devino
-71-

1.

i didn't know this guy.....
sure, we talked all day
(i had met him earlier that same day)
we played some games
(cards, thumb wrestling, thought games)
he taught me something
(blocking in football)
we explored the barn together
(where he also performed one act plays)
he laughed at me
(i tried to ride a stubborn horse)
we watched the stars together
(lying on our backs in the snow)
but still i don't think i know him.

Katie Sweeney
-71-

Wind

In the still hush of the morning's birth
A child was born.
The first sound heard was
The crying of the wind
And thus the child was named.
Tall with a cat-like grace he grew
As fleet and changeable
As his namesake, understanding
Nature's many tongues and knowing
The fire that burned within him
And when his time came to
Leave this land he knew
His praises would not go unsung
He would live once again
In the whispering conversations
Of the wind.

Terri Aitken

-71-

13.

2.

how come i didn't feel
anything
but fine
when he kissed me?
not ecstatic..... like you are supposed to

he gave something of
himself
and i took it.
just stood around
and took it
and gave
nothing

back

Katie Sweeney -71-

Hot Calm

We stood and looked up
Searching
Maybe for answers to questions
That will never be clear
But our eyes were filled
With something so beautiful
That our minds rose high
And danced in the sky-land
Our skin was cool and
It longed to be ever-cooled
By flying
But we were content with standing still.

Betsy Aubry -71-

Poor Carl

Carl dreamt that he was a cracker
Which a child shoved into her toy car.
(for to feed the people inside)
then she smashed it about,
running under tables, into chairs, over arms.
He was thrown several times,
but his pieces were picked all up,
And he continued to ride until
the child tired of her game.
then she was hungry.
She ate Carl.

14.

Sharleen Boulanger
-71-

A GIRL

Someone asked me describe your special girl
After agreeing I said
her eyes have to be like the blue sky-infinite
her hair has to be soft and long
her lips have to be loving but kind
her speech authoritative but understanding
If she has all thi she is semi-perfect
Semi, because she is not mine. Lil Rubashkin-71-

THE BEE

When I was just a little tot
Of age not more than three.
I heard out in the garden
The buzzing of a bee.
"Oh, mother, look! a pretty bug!"
I cried with such delight.
But she came running to my side
And pulled me back in fright.
From that day on I ne're have put
My nose against a flower,
For sadly on that day I learned
That bees have "stinging power"!
Mary Valley-71-

"Time"

Time is a precious thing
I wish I had more of;
To do the things I want to do
And gain a sense of accomplishment.
(But reading that book won't help;
I can't even read it because I want to;
I have to, then write a paper about it.)
Is it fair to do penence for being young?
Too young to marry, though you long to?
Too young to be on your own for a while,
Though you need to?
Too young to make your own decisions
As to what you want to do?
And time goes on and is wasted
Because you're "too young"
To keep them from wasting your youth
And when you're old enough to do something,
It's too late,
Too late to do the things,
You would have in your youth.
You sit and dream of what could have been
And waste more time.

noreen parent -71-

Thoughts

Debbie Gilmore

-71-

Have you ever thought
And thought, and thought
Yet not come up with any conclusion?
It's hard to think when nothing goes through your mind
Some people care to think
And some people rather use their minds
For something different.
Only to mess it up and then....
You can think only to conclude one thing
You've escaped to a world of non-existance.

SNOWFLAKE

Leaving the cloud by myself
I felt lonely and forgotten;
But I was happy.
I had an adventure to seek.
Will I make it to the vast land below?
Or will I melt before I hit the ground?
I'm proud of myself because I am pure and white.
Small and beautiful, so delicate I would melt if someone
touched me.
I'm almost there, I wonder if I'll stay the shape I am.
No, I guess not.
I see a face.

Barb Wiacek -71-

Snow

it	The	
covers	snowflake	Until
the	falls	the
open	down	spring
Another meadow	now;	breeze
Swirls behind and	G E N T L Y	drifts among its kind
	blows softly,	and
	in,	to smothers
it	the	the last
is	ground	signs of
here to	below	fall.
stay		

Leigh Maddern -71-

n.d.
-71-

Today is monday,
but that's no excuse...
it wasn't my fault
any way.

Spirit of your Quest

It was cold the morning you went away;
Smoke rose in crispy spirals from the red chimneys
Of buildings sealed against the barren frost.
The empty trees stood in lines along the hills,
Reaching greedily for the gray-covered sky.
The sultry brown river sat quietly,
Meticulously covered by an icy sheet:
Stretching smoothly to each snow-clad bank,
The solid whiteness lay--by sleep, untouched.
The clear morning sun crept feebly,
To wash the scene with a wavering glow
And erase the gloomy film of left-over night
A lonesome dog trotted painfully down the road,
The dry snow crunching beneath his paws
As he left behind a wispy dog-sized cloud
To mark his trail in case he should return.
His slowed-up movements and purposeful stride
Tugged my reluctant mind into thinking of you.
Was it only an hour since you had laughed
And teased away the threatening tears?
Since the door had closed and turning to the window,
I watched through a frosty haze
As you moved resolutely along the road,
Heading to confront the destiny of your spirit.
Mechanically pursuing the elusive fate-
And what would be the desecration of eternity.
You were followed by the dog, who, though unseeing,
Knew that you had gone away,
Leaving a trail only a dog could find.
But while the dog-tracks are still upon the road,
I shall take my pride into my hands,
Follow, and search the spirit of your quest.

Barb Napikoski -71-

You and My World

My world grew beautiful,
Everything was serene once more,
My life was yours
The day you stepped in

Nancy Campbell

-71-



LABYRINTH

How often do we go
And never come again?
The world is filled with
Places, and Things, and People.
I go down many roads
Going nowhere, but meeting many,
Who, just like me,
Look for something better.
I see all the people of the world.
The Good, the Bad, the Better, but
Mostly People.
I laugh, I love, I leave,
Going down the road
To look for something better.
I never see what I have seen
The same way twice, and,
Lost in the labyrinth of my mind,
I look for something better.

ols -71-

Reflections

I remember that glorious river
Sitting on its clean moist banks
Watching it crash against the rocks
at its shallow spots
As the white spray flew up and
splashed its cool mist in my face
And I remember looking down
Into some of its deepest parts
Its dark dismal parts displaying its
foreboding mystery
It used to be a sight to behold
To look upon with pride
And to spend a soft summer morning
just looking and wondering

Stretch

-71-

Hone
Back to the good land
Where my dreams grew
But didn't blossom...
Where I aged
But didn't mature...
Where I will rest
But not sleep...
I'm going home...

Mike Nagle

-71-

THE VIEW FROM ABOVE

by Bob Kells -71-

As Gordon turned he saw resignation in his partner's face. The telephone conversation must have been serious. Could it be about the project? Uneasily, he waited for the older technician to speak.

Dr. Ferrar's answer was to the point, as usual, as he slumped into a chair. "We've had it. It won't be official until tomorrow, but as of now our funds are cut off. The High Council considers our project a waste of time."

Gordon exploded. "How the hell can they be so damn narrow-minded! Don't they realize what we're on the verge of doing? We need more time. If we don't get money we don't get results, and we're so close!"

"Sub-atomic Life Functions isn't the only division to be disbanded. It seems the war takes priority over everything these days. Please save your obsenities for the Council. Right now I want to clean up, get out of here, and get drunk. We'll be out of work tomorrow."

Gordon was in a state of disbelief as the two bio-technicians walked to the Controlled Environment Laboratory. Both men had spent the past two years of their lives down here. The room was not large, but was crammed with complicated and expensive equipment. One wall was entirely transparent, and at first glance appeared to be an empty aquarium about thirty feet deep. This was E-Lock. Each cubic inch was an individual compartment, separated

by micro-waves and subjected to different conditions from the others. As Ferrar gathered the data-tapes and files, Gordon stared into the innocent appearing lock, knowing it was teeming with particles dwarfed by the atom.

"Something might be alive in there," he thought.

"If we only had more time!"

Gordon dismantled the life-emission scanner, invented by Dr. Ferrar himself. They had used it for two years, but at the sub-atomic level barely a third of the lock had been scanned. Gordon wondered why Ferrar hadn't argued against the decision to abandon the project. But then, Ferrar was from a generation whose faith lay entirely in the judgement of the Council. Politics had mutilated several scientific enterprises...

Ferrar interrupted his thoughts. "I've got all the tapes and files. We'll leave the heavy equipment until tomorrow. Accept it Gordon. This sort of thing will happen to you a half dozen times before you're put out to pasture. Believe me, I know. Come on, the drinks are on me."

Gordon numbly shook his head and watched Ferrar as he reached for the power switch controlling the simulated conditions to E-Lock. That switch had never been turned off for the past two years.

"You're committing murder, Ferrar. Who knows what you're destroying in there!"

"Murder?" Ferrar laughed. "Perhaps of the fragmentary beginnings of bacteria, but certainly nothing

so highly evolved as ourselves. Right now I am God to whatever insignificant life that exists in that chamber. They haven't showed themselves within the time limit set by the Council, so we have failed. I have no misgivings."

Horrified, Gordon watched the hand tighten on the switch and pull down.....

All over the United States, and certainly the rest of Earth, the television and radio carried the same message.

"...and as President of the United States my duty is to inform you of the truth. In a matter of hours the Sun will cease to function, as well as every star in the human universe! It is hard to admit that humanity won't endure, but we must face that fact. Our only escape is with God. Pray to him and ask for..."

The gloom thickened and throttled the Earth. Overhead the Milky Way was a bed of smoldering embers. The haze permeated everything, and billions of lives stiffened and died under a cold sun as the entire universe faded out of existence. Night was nearly total and complete. Only a few of the larger stars continued to flicker until they too were gripped by the icy fingers of death, and were extinguished.

We're Different

If you try to be different
You're called strange
You are outcast from the group.
They think you're lonely
But in your difficulties
You may be happy.
Someone comes
And tries to help you.
Neither can figure things out
But they don't really care.
Finally someone breaks through
And helps you out
In a time of difficulty
You've been accepted
At last!

But you decide to remain
Outside the group
With another friend-
We're different...

Chick -71-

You came like a storm,
Slipped away without a sound
Where did our love go?

lynn perry

-71-

Truth

It just goes round and round
endlessly going nowhere
It hesitates. . .

Linda

Haigis

-71-

Where is it? I can't find it. .
Trapped in its own little world.

Sapphire Waves

Your eyes,
like swift, sapphire waves,
come upon
and surround me
with vast rivers
and I drown

Claudette Demo -74-

I Am Not Sure

As we sit in the park,
my Elaine and I.
I begin to wonder if she
is the right one.
Her sky blue eyes are enticing.
her pink, tender lips inviting.
Her arms contain the warmth of
a hundred suns.
I am not sure.
We sit planning our future,
Elaine and I.
Our childrens' names,
our house and home.
Where shall we live, my dearest,
Paris or Rome?
I love you, Elaine, and I know
you love me;
but still I cannot see myself
married to thee.
Life can be beautiful...
why not live while we can!
I am not sure.
Elaine, will you marry
me?

DJM -71-

MY THOUGHTS TURN OFTEN...

Laurie
Devino
-71-

My thoughts turn often to you now
a clear picture in my mind of what
your face held for me....
if this be a poem of my love
let it speak silently in words
of the heart so only those
who have loved before will
understand.

April in May

Butterflies in May
Daisies bowing in the breeze
Warm fresh spring air
With the taste of gentle rain
Two as one
In the mysticism of spring.

Li'l Rubashkin -71-

Close your eyes
And see the exotic dance of tiny elves
dressed in pink dresses trimmed with diamonds.
Close your eyes
As the sparkle from their clothing blinds you.
While they dance, see dozens of friends
Dancing along with them;
Their bellbottoms ebbing like the tide.
The clinking of glasses disperses along with
cigarette smoke and alcohol.
Such beauty, such laughter, such darkness. lucie -71-

POME

the yellow flowers,
glow dully in the moonlight,
and the restless birds,
are now peacefully in their nests.
yet, when the morning comes,
all will sing praise....as if
God has shed..
a new life for them...
and life,
is their POME.

n.d. -71-

HAIKU

Rainbows and sunlight-
Polkadots of pink and green,
Shining all over the land.

Alice Billings -71-

Saying Yes

He walks the lonely road of giving,
He spends the days in searching life
And moves with grace and serenity.
I hardly knew him-for a long time
He was a foggy dream somewhere inside me;
His thinking made a backward impression
Like the reflection of a mirror.
Subtly weaving his influence into me; '
Doing things that were only fairy tales...
I could laugh at him and his tricks-
Playing with the children...laughing...
Sailing away on the angry sea
And speaking about the power he had,
Teasing me with his dramatic tales
Until I didn't know whether to believe him
Or whether to forget him and walk away.
But when he offered to share his wine
I knew he was sincere, so I stayed.
He would put his hand on my shoulder
And his head would be so close to me
I could feel his breath against my hair
As he spoke of strange places and people
Who believed in his miracles... who loved him.
His voice was like a magnet that was
Reaching for everyone around him-
A musical sound like a song in spring.
His eyes were pools of wonder,
Constantly seeking my impressions,
Searching for signs of my awareness.
When he turned his head toward me
I saw the deep concern within them
And it cast a mood of tranquility.
His sensitivity revealed an openness
That touched me in a spirit-~~embrace~~

(Cont'd)

Like wind-blown hair against my cheek.
Surrounded by his enthusiam
I was transformed into a life-giver.
Quietly understanding the turmoil inside me
He assured me of the beauty of peace.
He gave me his hand, his hope, his life.
But I was afraid of this feeling of ecstasy.
I tried to resist his urgent plea but
He said his time was running short
And soon he would have to leave.
I was frightened and hesitant about going....
Then, saying yes, I knew his gentle love.

Barb Napikoski -71-

The Keeper

When hours late enveloped me
I used to choose my bedfellow for the night
One who would enjoy the soft warm bed.
Pausing, just before sleep crept in
I often arose to reinspect those left behind,
And brought one back to share the pillow.
Yet still, there seemed to be voices calling,
Silently plaintive in the velvet gloom,
A childish heart arose again
And gathering into soft flannel arms
The menagerie of missing noses
Ripped dresses, and a soiled face,
I, the keeper, held
All of mine with me
Until morning.

Betsy Aubry -71-

The World Around Me

I felt
alone in a very different world. .
but yet I knew the closeness
of both gaiety and gloom

Michelle Couture -71-

I Miss You

Nothing to do,
Nothing to say
I miss you.
Why did you go away

If it's not raining outside
It's raining in.
I want you by my side
You're my everything

Glad you came back
You look fresh and bold
While you were gone
Your coffee got cold.

T/L -71-

Remember We Lived

I was sitting there,
looking through a window,
a window of glass,
a window to life.

You pulled the shade,
you blacked my light,
my sight to light,
my light to life.

I'm looking outside,
from outside to within,
within myself,
myself to live.

Doug Brown

-71-

The Ocean

The foaming, white crest,
Bubbling and gurgling
Spilling forth a shimmering aura
Beneath it lay my deepest thoughts
Crashing mercilessly against the time
worn monarchs of the continents.
Spraying dizzily, into the air
Glistening in the sun, twirling in rapture,
Prisms of colors piercing the horizon
Too suddenly, splashing against the blue-green water
Only to be rushed gloriously up
to again dance in the sun.
Quietly returning, straining, gushing
Never really being free.

Lynn Perry

-71-

Alone

I stood below the cloudy sky
In front of the roaring sea;
And so loud were the waves
With white foam like that at the
Mouth of a mad dog
That my secrets and thoughts came
Crashing down inside my brain
And vanishing like the spray mist
Across the rocks of the seemingly
Endless journey of the waves
One by one crashing in front of me
As if huge monsters rose from the
Depths of the sea and suddenly stopped.
And came creeping up to cuddle my feet
Like a lost puppy.
And as the cold waters bowed at my feet
My thoughts were awakened
Only when another crash
Broke and shattered them again.
There's a mystery in the waves
Rolling over and over, again and again
And after they break, where they go
Is bewildering like the bridge of my life
That is connected to the sea.

He connected my life
with joy
pleasure
and warmth

But now he is gone
lost to the sea.

And I'm left with only secrets and thoughts
to be awakened and shattered
Over and Over

Again and again.

Bucky Borbo -71-

Alone For My Beer

I lost an afternoon to my beer,
And awakening at sunset, I wept.
There was the evening left, sure.
But it's a loving time, a sharing time.
And when you haven't worked the garden,
Or swept the house, or kissed your child,
Who is there to love, when you have nothing to share?

Sharleen
Boulanger
-71-

I always thought love was something precious
A feeling that should be treasured
But, protecting these glass thoughts is more fragile.

Denise Fugere -71-

B.A.F. OF '67

My ears are very large and red and white
with checks.

I have seven black whiskers

Four on the left and three on the right.

A tail which is really a pipe cleaner
that bends.

And a little black dot denotes my nose.

My fur matches my ears-all red.

I stand eighteen inches high

She calls me her lover

To me she seems a little old

To find such security in me,

However, she kisses my ear

And covers me every night

So I won't get cold.

Also she whispers, "I wish you were here."

I just listen because

She would be surprised if I ever answered.

Tonight it will probably be the same.

I like to be loved by someone,

Even if I don't understand.

Norma Gould-7I-

?
torn between two,
not knowing which way to turn,
or if I should care.
n.d.-7I-



satisfaction

he was not satisfied,
the world was his enemy.
there was no one alive
that was his friend,
no one he could hand
a knife to that wouldn't
pierce his heart with it.

his love life consisted of:
20 dollar a night b-girls.
that, when he looked back,
his stomach turned.
he had 90 cents;
but he had spent that on,
some useful thing!

but he knew he would
be content when it was over.
he would be known, (but only for a moment)
he would be loved where he was going.
he lifted it to his stomach,
not his head becuz he always had headaches.
he pulled the hammer back then the trigger.
now he would be happy.
but i am sad.

he was my brother. bill rogers -71-

The Cold Gray Light of Day

The trees stood blank and barren
In the cold gray light of day.
As I stood looking down upon the river
I saw a hazy image in the ice,
I turned and saw a small chubby face.
He stood there, bundled up in a jacket and snowpants
Silently inquiring me my reason for sadness.
I stood still, watching too. He must have known.
He touched my hand and smiled his elfin smile,
And when he did, I felt the gentle breath of Spring
Touch my frozen breast. He understood.

Terri Aitken -71-

THE NEW LOOK

by Ron Brunelle -71-

Professor Whitcomb awoke as the sun's rays scattered through the blinds, creating a strip of light across his eyes. He sat up in his bed as if wondering where he was, then jumped up, suddenly realizing what today was. He dressed quickly and went hurriedly out the door. It was 8:00 A.M. and as the door closed the clock chiming eight times, paused and then began chiming wildly in complete unabandonment as if signalling a warning to anyone who would listen - but none was there.

Professor John Whitcomb had a Ph.D. from Harvard in time experimentation. The course had been established seven years before, after four years of hard struggle and convincing by a young genius, Professor Seacott. John Whitcomb had cleverly gotten through many times to see Professor Paul Seacott addressing an assembly of Professors, some interested, some not. John Whitcomb was very interested. However "far out" Professor Seacott's topic seemed to be, the convincing speeches he gave always fascinated him. He remembered one particularly: "I am addressing you honored professors as I have done many times in the past with the hope of convincing you of the necessity of this course. My own experiments concerning time experimentation, which I have given to each of you, show that this phenomenon can actually take place under certain conditions. Unfortunately a course like this

would be extremely expensive but I ask you dearly to consider the possibilities. We could project objects into the future or the past, from a safety pin to man himself. I ask you to think now; we could predict earthquakes, floods, even wars and maybe save humanity itself."

"This is my final attempt to convince you. Man has ventured far. He has explored the distant universe and the mysterious sea. He has gone past our galaxy and discovered an unlimited number of solar systems similar to our own. He has landed on hundreds of planets and has yet to find another form of intelligent life; not one. Now I ask you gentlemen, are we underestimating our importance, our service to the universe itself, that we would allow ourselves to be destroyed by some natural phenomenon or by a ridiculous war when it can be predicted and therefore prevented. Are we risking the destruction of the universe, for surely without life, without man, to provide it with knowledge and exploration it would have no reason to exist and therefore would die. I feel, gentlemen, that man's role is far more important than we can comprehend. Man must not be eliminated, he must live."

He stood looking at his audience for some time and finally whispered slowly, "thank you" and walk away. The assembly of professors did not move. It was silent in the room then a soft mumbling noise was heard as they conversed with each other confusedly.

Everytime Professor Seacott would finish one of his speeches Professor Tripoly would always say, "I warn

you, don't play with time. It will destroy you. Man cannot predict the future or alter the past." John Whitcomb noticed this time he said nothing but just stared out the window blindly, after some time he got up slowly, almost dejectedly, shaking his head, he walked out of the room.

Not long after the course had been established in many universities throughout the country. John Whitcomb took special interest in it and continued his studies in graduate school and finally became Professor Seacott's personal assistant.

Now it was finally time to prove Professor Seacott right. Monday, July 18, 3001 was the day an object was to be hurtled through time. The object; a lead brick. The machine that was to hurl this object through time was based on the speed of light. An object as it gains speed appears to lose length and gains weight; as it reaches the speed of light it loses all its length and has infinite weight but since the object has no length it does not exist therefore this infinite weight is never experienced. The object appears to have disappeared from the universe. Therefore no object can go as fast as light or it does not exist. Professor Seacott reasoned that when this object seemingly disappears it has actually broken through a time barrier and he constructed a machine that was able to whirl an object in a circular path at a speed greater than the speed of light! The only flaw was that once

the object disappeared it was impossible to control where the object was to go; in the past or in the future; or how far back or ahead in time it would go.

When Professor Whitcomb arrived everyone was waiting anxiously for him. It was now 8:07 A.M., July 18, 3001. Professor Seacott gave last minute instructions and soon after the huge machine began to whirl as all the men looked on in awe. The object finally disappeared from sight.

The lead brick hurtled back through time into the past, back, back, back, until the day when the first mutant water creature crawled onto dry land. The lead brick appeared and struck the green scaly creature on the head. He looked up stunned as its senses reeled. He rolled onto his back as consciousness left him and with a final flip of his tail died without really knowing what had happened.

The men looked on in awe as they saw the brick disappear. They did not know how far or which way, in the past or future but they knew they had succeeded in sending an object into time itself.

Professor Seacott put his scaly hand on Professor Whitcomb's fin as he stood over him and said, "Well Professor, we succeeded. It's only the first step but we'll improve it." Professor Whitcomb looked into the green scaly face of Professor Seacott and said, "I have the strangest feeling professor, that something went wrong. I don't know why, I just have this feeling."

"Ridiculous," said Professor Seacott, "Nothing went wrong. Everything went as smoothly as possible."

As Professor Whitcomb was walking out of the room he heard one of the professors say disgustedly, "Will you kindly get off my tail, Mr. Williams. That's the third time in five minutes you've stepped on it." Professor Whitcomb paused at the open door with the nob in his hand, looked back, and walked out closing the door behind him.

Security

Security lies
not only in being loved
but also
in being told that you
are loved.

Janet Letourneau
-71-

The Stranger

she stood there
looking directly at you
and right through you
you don't know the deadly
powers she has, but
then she points to you
and you feel strange
hot and sweaty
full of fear and anxiety
then nothing, but
silence and the faint
footsteps and you
know she failed.

Ann Chyz -71-

Lonely Sadness

Why am I sad?
Why am I lonely?
He's here.
He always will be.
He just went for a walk.
He's coming back.
He won't be gone long.

Sarah...

Yes?

He's dead.

MMB -71-

OBSERVATIONS

Understanding surpasses even love, sometimes,
Because, its better, you know, to peer silently
Into the mind and realize its complex
Mechanism and communicate with the
Cells that say - hate, or - jealousy
Or - passion, or maybe - love.
And then, you see, you get the best
Of both without taking the risk that
Comes with a commitment.

Laurie
Devino
-71-

There is no commitment attached to
Insight.

One Letter Away

I've just been touched by the gentleness of your smile,
Your fingers hesitantly brushing against my cheek,
The feather-softness of your thoughts are holding me,
And your eyes are ever seeking mine with mirth.
Maybe it is just for today or not even that long;
But only a second would suffice if it is living.
Living? I am living. Only one letter away from loving.

Barb Napikoski -71-

Blank Walls

A blank wall in a room leaves something
to be desired, you know.
The mere brightness of an artist's creation,
the gaiety of a laugh,
or even the illusion of a blind man can
save a blank wall from its
doomed hell of silence and gloom, and
ignominious embarrassment of
having no outer clothing; naked to the
world, for all to see.
Just like you and me, my friend, just like
you and me.

DJM -71-

Boat

I was attracted by a boat
Its colors young and soft,
I often dreamed of catching it,
And calling it my own.

Though many times it made me feel
A slight grasp of its beauty.
Suddenly with heartbreaking tugs,
It swiftly drifted away.

And now I dream about it drifting,
And dream about the day,
When some new young admirer
Will catch it on its way. Chick -71-

HAPPINESS?

a hundred paupers can be happier
with bread and water, and themselves
than a lone king with a
hundred billion enemies. Bill Rogers
-71-

Winter

The rain comes pouring down
It's a funny type mist.
Confused, not knowing what to do.
Snow?- it should,
But like all of us,
We're seeking adventure
In a mixed up world.

Earb Waicek
-71-

Two Poems On You

we were one
in his mind.
time didn't exist
just he and i.

we didn't think
tomorrow would come;
it came from yesterdays
and past moments shared.

come today
we just didn't care.
for memories are ours
for no one else to share.

if and when tomorrow comes
we'll take it as today
and make past moments to
think of today.

Leigh Maddern

-71-

She

She stood there--head bowed
In child-like simplicity
Against the blue-black sea
Trapped by a roving moonbeam.
Her hair like liquid fire in the darkness
And her alabaster skin contrasting strangely
With the pounding restless surf.
A beautiful silhouette in the surrounding obscureness
Then she too disappeared as the moon scampered behind the
clouds
And left behind a void of blindness
And torn emotions.

Sunshine Tower

something's wrong
maybe i'm blind
life's line
made of chalk
so easy to erase.

now it's right
i'm alive
i'm walking the
middle of the road.
it's painted there
only to come off
from being walked on.

Doug Brown

-71-

Terri Aitken -71-

GREY DAY BEAUTY

beauty is a grey day
joyless colors everywhere
with grays and whites and blackish browns
abounding on the landscape

an oaken tree in dismal light entwined
reflects man's most innermost feelings
the blackened bark and coarse exterior
similar to man's relationship with man

a broken branch by the base
familiarizing with a forgotten race
lost in time
but not in place

a lifeless appendage
going away from all the rest
seeking, perhaps peace and a place of rest
not much like man who seeks much less.

but deep within this tree
far from the coarse exterior
there lies a beauty
held only by those who wish to look

beauty is a grey day
joyless colors everywhere
with grays and whites and blackish browns
abounding on the landscape

pete mosseau

-71-

TIME

A Mickey Mouse watch, Donald Duck and Cinderella too, They're so cute and thoughtful for little children. They tick away and make you gay But what would you do with a Spiro Agnew.

Lebbie Little

-71-





My Brother

you've always painted an unusual picture in my mind
my brother -- as i used to think of you
a quiet and reserved person
never seeming to want to harm anyone
one with whom to raise hell
and enjoy every moment of it
but now my insides are changing
i long to see you each day
could it be love is emerging out of this ancient
pool of friendship?

Denise Fugere

-71-

This Poem Doesn't Have To Be Sad

the dry crumpled leaf lying on the dresser
reminds me of you as i diligently try to write

who can think about jesse james and superman
when there's a leaf to carry me away
on a memory-carpet to the days when you were home

i remember the walks on sunny cold days
the fantasy autumn artists changing
the forest into kaléidoscope
your laughter ringing out at the simplest provocation
the swing ride in the ghost-crowded park
the air pricking our cheeks as we flew forward
then closing our eyes as we cascaded back

we were free-although i knew you would leave soon
and i would miss you but i'm leaving too
i can hear his voice calling....

Barb Napikoski

-71-

no rume

this room,
is filled with books...
but not necessarily
in that order..
I'm not too smart?

n.d. -71-

The Graveyard

faded shades of fall
gravestones covered with cobwebs
grass shaggy from
want of mowing
the wind creating
an eery sound
and I wonder why
he wanted to walk here.

Ann Chyz

-71-

THE LETTER

der muther
i em knot cumin hom enymor
i em gunna sta whar i em
everybudy luvs me her
yu nevr releee luvd me enywa
sinserlee
haree

Sharon Felton

-71-

People wear love beads
But they do not understand
The purpose of them

lucie

-71-

He once was there always
Everyone remarked on how much in
Love we were. you
Left, though.

Katie Sweeney

-71-

Alone I Stand

Here is my world with days of delusion, darkness,
and despair

I stand.

Searching and reaching for my thoughts and feelings
in reality's game.

With a feeling of emptiness and confusion
through my entire brain.

I live my entire life from day to day

Whatever good and bad goes my way,

Until, I have found these answers I seek

I stand alone once again. craig roberts -72-

Ocean

the ocean
always changing
beautiful and calm,
yet wild and dangerous.
white foam rushing up on sand
spitting out seaweed and shells,
then sliding back into blue-green waters.
pounding boats upon jagged rocks.
beckoning people to it
then swallowing them into it's depths.
yet its calm waters sparkle under the moon
and sway a gentle motion against the sides of ships,
rocking them like cradles.
its waves rolling back to infinity.

Lu Ann Kuzmoskus -73-

Artwork: Terri Aitken

The Merry-Go-Round

Come to the fair he said to me-
Come to the fair and see
All the wonderful things there are at a fair,
All the rides they give for free.

Come to the fair he said to me-
Come to the fair and see
Can you catch the ring on the merry-go-round?
Can you catch the ring for me?

I went to the fair, as he said to me-
I went to the fair to see
But I couldn't find all the wonderful rides,
And they gave nothing at all for free.

I went to the fair, as he said to me-
I went to the fair to see
But I can't catch the ring on the merry-go-round,
I can't so just let me be...

Alice Billings

-71-

Faces
(Nel)

Up through the maze of monkee bars
or tops of tall trees
I might have looked down past my untied
sneakers- only to see your face.

I've seen a lot of faces
for one face to face in a lifetime;
but yours was kindred.

Maybe that's why I remember it
so well.

I've seen blue eyes before,
but they weren't as capitivating as yours.
There were many warm arms about me,
but never such a gentle touch.
Your smile -
enthralls the radiant sun
and lingers
till long after you've gone.

Leigh Maddern

-71-

YESTERDAY

i sat upon the ground
the pine needles soft beneath me.
just my guitar and me
alone...thinking...feeling.

it was quiet there...
where tall pines watched over me.
the brook lulled my turbulent spirit
with its effervescent chatter.

i wasn't alone as i sat
strumming and singing softly.
a chipmunk sat watching me--head cocked
and a squirrel noisily scolded me.

i let the peace and serenity
of that place lull me into thoughts of you.
i wondered if anything you'd said was true
and if anything i had felt was real.

your love and all we shared
shattered when you said...farewell.
all our todays and tomorrows
were but yesterdays for eternity. tedd sithen-71-

Erase these barriers which hold me as
a toy.
you can't draw the limits of freedom
on a wall or a person.
Lucie-71-

Why Not Us?

No, he doesn't
He wears sandals and has long hair.
It's all-right for J.C.
but if we do it, we're hippies,
no-goods.
He tried to bring peace and love
throughout the world.
It's all-right for J.C. but if
we do it, we're
revolutionists.
He was a crusader from Nazareth.
That's fine; but if we try it with
our fellow beings, we're
immoral.
Discrimination----it's all right for us,
but you don't see Him
using it.

D.J.M. -71-

The Circle

Hundreds of faces
some angry
some smiling
some disgusted
some real.

Chuck Tatakis
-71-

You walked barefoot
You walked barefoot across my mind,
Sometimes quickly
Sometimes cautious, taking time
But for a second you will remember
The bright colors of life dance
And gentle touches are not vanished...

Nancy Campbell
-71-

there once lived a yellow mellow man in a pale white house in the purple fields back home i never knew the man but those who thought they did said he was a diciple of the devil he was claimed to have a soul as black as the ace of spades but how black that is as compared to him i'll know not for i never knew him but nevertheless myself not being one to judge a person's character on what others say from what i heard and i have no doubt to disbelieve or cast this out as idle gossip this mellow yellow man in the pale white house in the purple fields back home(whose home i care not to comment on) had many of the characteristics similiar those people of questionable moral fiber who do reside or so we do believe eventual take up residence in Dantes Divine however i did find that this given man with apologies to woman's liberation perpetuated himself in pursuits peculiar to those of devilish extraction to say or comment that he was one hell of a guy would bring frowns on the most liberal faces of the latent community being quite a liberal myself and only in the light of factual information and not curiosity i asked why there was such a low attitude concerning mr mellow yellow i mean how conservative could one be a pale white house it came to pass that the yellow man mellow i mean the man mellow yellow excuse me typographical error the yellow mellow man was a new comer in the community having resided there a mere fifteen years he tried to evoke radical changes such as colorful clothing (brown that is instead of the traditional black) reduction in the length of sabbath services and numerous other so called reforms of the most debasing quality i was shocked to say the least but was relieved when i heard what had become of this most despicable character the story so goes that the man was walking home to his pale white house one beautiful stormy day and a group of sagacious elders came upon him and proceeded to stone him trying to save himself for what i know not the man quothed let he who is perfect throw the first stone the eldest elder said cast out the devil

whenever he appears you dress different talk different
worship different and differ from us who are righteous
in all ways so that makes you the devil and evil so
they killed the mellow yellow man in the now red fields
back home.

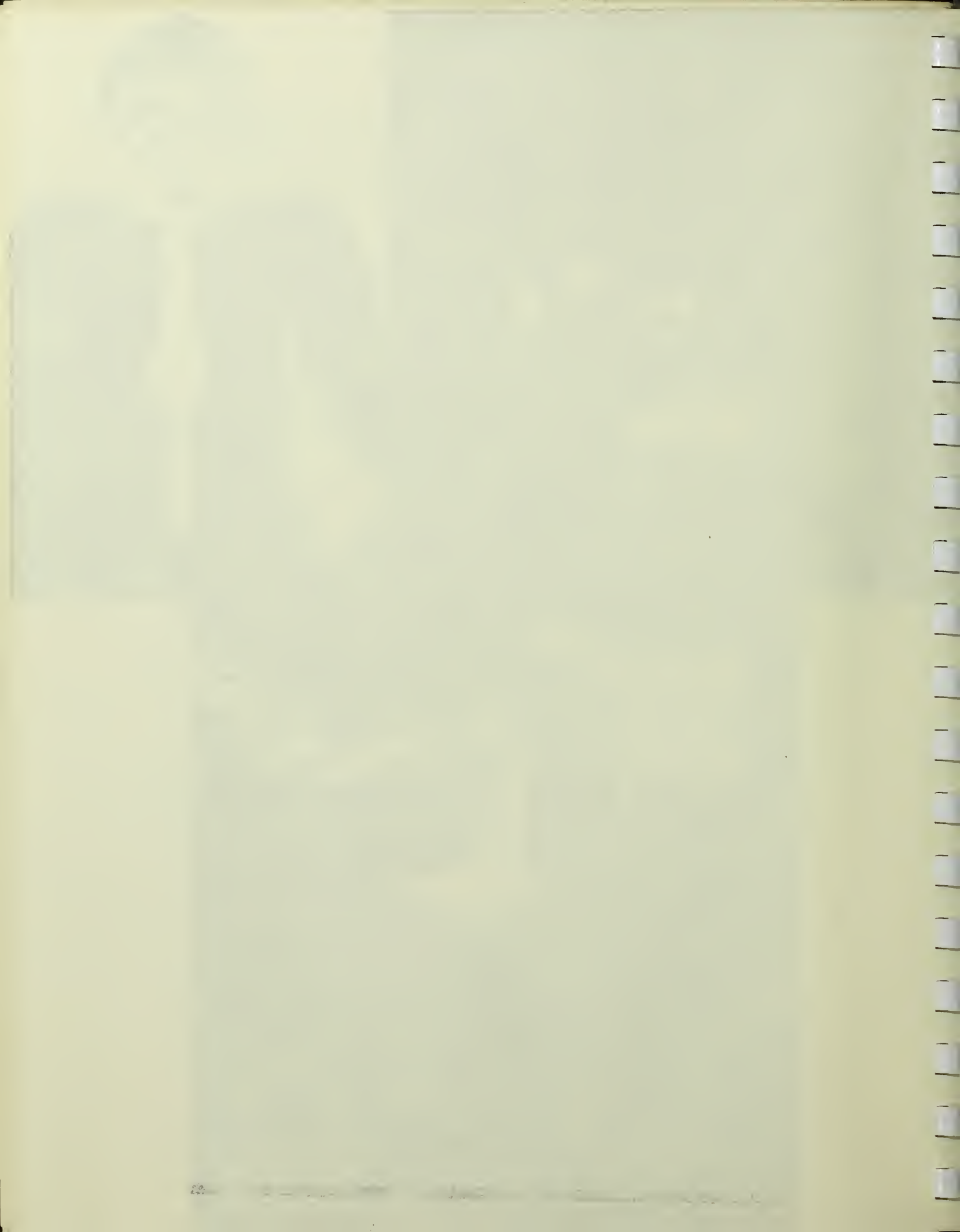
mosseau -71-

Freefall
i freefall
through space through time
hands o u t s t r e t c h e d
tryingto reach something
not there
and
calling upon the One Mind
wherein lie all the answers
I dis believe
I reject
the kindness of help given
to a common mortal
(that's me)
that means i can die
that means i'm rather
weak and
stupid
because a mortal doesn't
take goodadvice.
that means if One Mind says
exchange bits of wisdom
with a
b^ut^te^rf^ly, i should do it
without questioning if there is
any communication between
me aⁿ a b^ut^te^rf^ly. *

Laurie Devino

-71-





On the Night

- I. Darkness surrounding me
 Danger waiting ahead
 Black of night waiting to
 Swallow me into hell
 The moon hiding behind grey clouds
 Providing no protection- only
 The opportunity for danger.
 The wind howling, wanting
 Me for its easy prey.
 Sounds I've never heard before
 Beckoning me to
 Walk- faster- run.
 Fearful night
 You are my enemy
- II. Stars, moon shining brightly
 Showing the beauty of heavens
 Nighttime providing peace
 Which day would not surrender.
 Nobody around to disturb my thoughts
 A cool breeze blowing across my face
 Alone I walk through the friendly
 blackness
 Thoughts wandering freely
 Nothing about to lead them astray
 Peaceful night
 You are my friend

Gary Aleksiewicz -71-

Don't Be Wise

Shine on sun
and laugh silently to yourself.
But be careful, because
if I ever get the time,
I'm gonna rap you in the mouth
and make it rain.

Lucie

-71-

Worn desks, splintered chairs
Forgotten hands have carved:
"Cris+Edie, 4-ever, Tom was here,
'68 is great, EF + TG, Jane and
Me, RS stinks."
People have been here and left
Leaving behind their shadows-
Taking along their memories.

Dave Timberlake

-71-

Katie Sweeney
-71-

red as it was
she went yellowing along
to come up against purple.
maybe she should have stopped
before
it turned black.

Toy Boat
Toy Boat

Wonder How

Toy Boat
Toy Boat

Wonder Why

you sank

Debbie Little

-71-

After Edo

People are complex beings — thinking ideas that they often aren't even aware of — so many times forgetting to tap the imagination and, through the powers of creativity, to develop their complexities into a tangible identity — something to be remembered by, long after faces are forgotten.

After Edo is a reflection of these identities — an attempt to be unique — to offer a part of the imagination which would otherwise be suppressed, unknown — to reveal 'another self' contained in a complex personality — to hold a speck of today, in a hand conditioned to reach for tomorrow.

Class of 1971